

HISTORIC CRIMES and MYSTERIES



THE BANDIT BARD.

Then up and away!
Ere the break of the day
We'll fly, quickly fly to our hiding,
And there we will rest
Till the sun in the West
Has given the signal for riding.

Joseph Thompson Hare might have distinguished himself in any one of half a dozen honorable professions, for he had many of the qualities which command success, but he was afflicted with indulgent parents, who permitted him to run wild in his youth. Of a romantic temperament, he was fond of reading books of adventure, and the books to which he had access were not of the character-building kind. Among them were various chronicles in which the celebrated British highwaymen were exploited as heroes and Joseph grew up with a great desire to emulate Turpin, Shepherd, and the rest of them.

He was born in Chester county, Pennsylvania, in 1780, and was the first great American highwayman, as he probably was the most admirable. He was more like Robin Hood than any gentlemen of the road of whom there is record, for he was brave, chivalrous and generous, and if he stole from the opulent with one hand, he gave to the needy with the other. One cannot read his history without deploring the fact that he took the left hand trail when a lad; had he taken the other, his bust might now be in the Hall of Fame.

His first exploit was "pulled off" when he was a schoolboy. He had a number of cronies of his own age who had grown up on bandit literature, and they were all eager for action. Hare proposed that they rob an old miserly farmer who lived in the neighborhood, and the boys agreed. One night they went to the farmer's residence, intent on pillage and found him seated on the front porch, in his nightgown, the heat having driven him from the house. The boys waited for hours, hoping the old man would go to bed, but he sat there as though waiting for the end of the world. The other boys experienced a chill in their feet, and wanted to go home; but Hare said he had come forth to rob, and was going to rob. So he stole quietly to the porch, and found the farmer was asleep. Then he entered the house and rummaged around until he had found \$500, when he rejoined his companions.

All his exploits were characterized by a similar daring. As a young man he went to New Orleans to seek his fortune. Upon landing there, in his backwoods raiment, he was ridiculed by a group of toughs. Hare walked up to the biggest of the rowdies and struck him in the face. Then there was a fight that was talked about in New Orleans for years. The big rowdy

was Bill Marshall, a celebrated pugilist of the time. He was forty pounds larger than Hare, but the country boy whipped him to a frazzle. Then a public fight according to ring rules was arranged for and a tremendous crowd witnessed the conflict. Hare again whipped Marshall, and retired from the ring with a comfortable roll of money.

Throughout his career he preferred his fists to firearms. Often he would depend upon nature's weapons when his life or liberty was at stake, and when he had deadly weapons in his belt. On one occasion he was surrounded in a tavern by five officers, heavily armed, who were bent upon capturing him, and he whipped the whole five with his fists and escaped.

The authentic stories of his exploits would fill a large volume. He sometimes had bands of followers, and sometimes he operated alone, and he had phenomenal luck.

There was nothing haphazard about his methods. He laid his plans like a general, and followed them up. He had his scouts and spies, and received accurate information when wealthy travelers were about to set forth on pilgrimages. Then he would ambush them and relieve them of their valuables with an old-school courtesy that must have been highly gratifying to the victims. His operations covered a wide territory, and he moved so quickly and mysteriously that it was almost impossible to locate him.

It was characteristic of this singular man that after every robbery he was overwhelmed with remorse. He would repair to some secluded spot and sit in sackcloth and ashes, and write poetry full of heartbreak; and his poetry, considering his meager ed-

ucation, is surprisingly good. Several of his poems have been preserved, and they are melodious and sweet. There is not a discordant line in any of them.

Time and again he made up his mind to abandon his wicked courses and lead a quiet and reputable life, but something always interfered. Upon one occasion, after making of haul of \$5,000—which was a fortune in those days—he traveled back to the scenes of his boyhood, intent upon buying a farm upon which he had worked as a child. He had heard that the place was for sale, and he was determined to own it, and settle down and live happy ever after. But when he approached the farmhouse a savage dog sprang at him from behind some bushes, and chased him all over the place, and bit a sample out of his person, and he was so mad and disgusted that he left the neighborhood at once, and resumed his old tricks.

Another time, being well loaded with money and remorse, he decided to go to Baltimore and become a merchant prince. He made part of the journey on a steamboat, and was greatly annoyed by an opulent drover, who persisted in flashing a big roll of

bill, and boasting of his wealth. Being full of virtue, Hare took the drover aside and advised him to conceal his money and do less talking. "There are thieves on board all of these boats," said Hare, "and they are looking for such men as you." The drover didn't take the advice in good part. He boasted that he was able to take care of himself, and he'd like to see that thief who could despoil him. Hereupon Hare lost all patience with him, and robbed him of \$400, and left the boat. He was pursued and captured and served eight years in the penitentiary for this little joke.

For many years he pursued his course with comparatively few reverses; and the reverses usually came to him because he would not use firearms in self-defense. He might have escaped capture on several occasions had he been willing to shoot. Whenever he was in custody Hare preached to his fellow prisoners a good deal, trying to impress upon them the fact that the most unprofitable thing in the world is a life of crime. "The lot of the meanest laborer in the land," said he, "is a thousand times more enviable than that of the most successful criminal."

Returning to his native state after seventeen years of wandering and pillage, Hare was greatly distressed to find that his younger brother had adopted a career of crime, and was the associate of thieves and gamblers. This hurt him more than any incident of his career. With tears on his cheeks he implored and entreated the young man to reform and be good, but in vain. The youth had no use for the path of virtue.

"If you must be a criminal, then," said Joseph, "come with me, so I can



"There Are Thieves on Board All These Boats, and They Are Looking for Such Men as You."

watch over and protect you." Joseph had planned to rob the mails, so he could get enough money to settle down—he always was going to settle down. His brother, with other robbers, accompanied him on this errand. They robbed the coach, but were arrested at Baltimore a few days later. The young man drew ten years, and Joseph was sentenced to death. He was executed in September, 1818, and his last days were given over to the writing of poetry and the utterance of moral homilies. He was probably the only great robber whose hands had never been stained with human blood.

Cold Sober.

"Did I appear under the influence of liquor last night at the club?"
"Can't say that you did."
"Are you sure about that?"
"Yes. You simply ignored half a dozen opportunities to get into a political argument."

A Gentle Hint.

He—"Then you are not interested in my welfare?" She—"No; but if the two syllables were transposed I'd not only be interested, but enthusiastic."—Boston Transcript.

vivid posters were often seen of him in the act of juggling with a glass of fresh beer, and now, since the breweries themselves are in disfavor, the American billy goat is doomed to pass down the line of hasbeens!

Awaited Him.

When a member of the British parliament desires a book that is not in the library, he files his application for the volume, which the librarian reserves for him on its return, notifying him that the book awaits his pleasure.

Now it happened that one of the members applied for, but could not get at the time, a copy of a novel entitled "The Girl He Left Behind Him." In course of time a postcard arrived from the library, and as the member's wife is of a suspicious nature that postcard caused trouble, for it read:

"Mr. T.—Is informed that 'The Girl He Left Behind Him' is now in the library, and will be kept for him till next Tuesday morning."

Paris has a theater with a reversible floor, one side intended for dancing and the other for the seats.

Temperance Notes

FOLLY OF NATIONS.

In an address at London university before the Child Study association on "Serving the Future," Dr. C. W. Saleeby, an eminent English scientist, stated that he had it on the highest authority that the increase in infant mortality since the war began was almost entirely due to the fact that mothers had been drinking more alcohol—had, in fact, been using to kill the future the money given by the nation to save the future. "People do not realize," the doctor declared, "how much of the finest food is being destroyed to make poison. It is the maddest thing you can imagine! There are not enough ships to carry our commerce, yet many ships are being used to bring to these shores the material for making poison that our mothers may buy at the corner of the street."

To illustrate the national need of caring for children in their earliest years, Doctor Saleeby remarked that during the past 17 months the army had been rejecting immense numbers of "damaged" men, who were really damaged as long ago as 1890-95. Germany had been having the same difficulty, but in her case it was even more serious. That country, he said, was now paying for her characteristic militarist neglect of the mother and the child, for it was certain that a high rate of infant deaths meant a proportionately high rate of "damaged" or unfit men.

DRINK AND DIVORCE.

"The story of the divorce court reeks with whisky and brutality," says Jack Lait, who writes for Chicago Herald. He has lately been dropping into the courtroom of Judge Kersten, the busiest jurist in Christendom, and watching and listening. "He has found that 'the fist is the symbol of divorce and the bottle its inspiration.' Liquor is responsible for more than ten out of twenty cases. 'Those are the tales,' he says, 'that do not get display heads in news columns. They are not important, they are not picturesque.' Judge Kersten has spent 30 years 'adjudicating criminal matters, from murder to spitting on the sidewalk—and of it all, the blackest, the sorriest, the saddest, are the divorce cases.'"

And the states, most of them, go on licensing the sale of the stuff which inspires the drunken fist—go on in money partnership with the drunkard maker!

WHO'LL GET THE MONEY?

The manufacture of lumber is an important industry in the state of Washington and the woodsmen used periodically to go into the towns and spend their wages in the saloons. Shortly before the prohibition law became operative a police captain inquired of one of these men what he would do with his money on his next visit. "I'll tell you what I am going to do," said the logger. "Next time I come to town I am going to buy a new suit of clothes, some boots, a mackinaw and some new blankets." The captain says that this answer is typical of the answers of many other loggers who might be questioned.

CITIES ENFORCE DRY LAW.

"It used to be all very well," says the Spokane (Wash.) Chronicle, "to say that 'prohibition is good enough for the rubes, but it won't go in the cities.' Now things have swung around to such an extent that the larger municipalities are among the leaders in the dry movement. Seventy-one cities, ranging from 25,000 to 325,000 population are now listed as dry and with the dry law as well enforced as other laws. Seven wet states contain dry cities of more than 25,000 population. There are 19 dry states, and the 'Nation's Going Dry' all too soon to please the saloonatics."

NONUNION WHISKY.

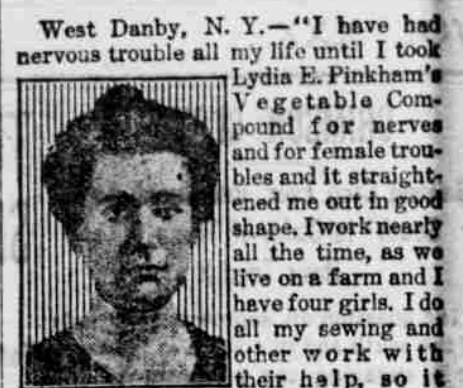
Ninety-four per cent of the whisky made in the United States is made by the whisky trust. Whisky is made by nonunion labor, paid only \$9.19 per week, according to United States bureau of census reports. The hours of labor range from 10 to 17 per day. Out of \$100 paid for whisky at manufacturer's price only \$2.08 goes back to the wage earners who made the whisky.

SALOONS AND TAXES.

The report of one of Uncle Sam's departments completely smashes the contentions of the wets that saloons lower taxes. The report shows that the general property tax collected in prohibition states is \$10.12 per capita, in near-prohibition states \$11.08, in states partially under license \$13.22 per capita, and in wholly license states \$16.98.

WOMAN HAD NERVOUS TROUBLE

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her.



West Danby, N. Y.—"I have had nervous trouble all my life until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nerves and for female troubles and it straightened me out in good shape. I work nearly all the time, as we live on a farm and I have four girls. I do all my sewing and other work with their help, so it shows that I stand it real well. I took the Compound when my ten year old daughter came and it helped me a lot. I have also had my oldest girl take it and it did her lots of good. I keep it in the house all the time and recommend it."—Mrs. DEWITT SINCEBAUGH, West Danby, N. Y.

Sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, backache, headaches, dragging sensations, all point to female derangements which may be overcome by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

As the Years Roll On.
You remarked fatuously the other day, "I'm just as young as I ever was." Oh, no, you're not! If young people weren't too polite they'd soon undeceive you. You have been so busy leading a successful life that you have forgotten to notice that your successful life has been led. Youth is flouting you every day. Youth is through with you. You appeal to it for recognition, and it laughs at you.

You still young? You? No, indeed! Look at real youth pursuing its fantastic preferences; at Reginald Warneford, engaging a Zeppelin single-handed, in regions near the sun; at Otto von Weddigen leaving his bride to carry on a desperate warfare under seas.

Do you honestly sympathize with them?—Atlantic Monthly.

Had Experience.
A guardsman mustered into the federal service cannot be held for all-mony, so a court rules, because his income is only enough for himself. This may incite the Alimony club members to enlist, if they can get out long enough to do so. Nobody can deny that they have fighting experience in the Home Guard.

Ouch!
They were seated in a secluded corner of the veranda. For a long time neither of them had spoken. Suddenly he took her little hand in his. His voice was choked with emotion as he said:

"Do you think you could ever learn to love a man?"

"Yes," she interrupted in a soft whisper. "Bring on your man."

Grape-Nuts

embodies the full, rich nutriment of whole wheat combined with malted barley. This combination gives it a distinctive, delicious flavor unknown to foods made from wheat alone.

Only selected grain is used in making Grape-Nuts and through skillful processing it comes from the package fresh, crisp, untouched by hand, and ready to eat.

Through long baking, the energy producing starches of the grain are made wonderfully easy of digestion.

A daily ration of this splendid food yields a marvelous return of health and comfort.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

STREET CAR CAUSE OF DUST

Scientific Investigation Has Proved This Fact Seemingly Beyond All Possibility of Dispute.

Where does the dust come from? This question, which careful housekeepers ask themselves every day, has been scientifically answered by investigators of Harvard university.

They made measurements of the amount of dust in the air at 20 feet above the street in different places.

At the junction of streets, where the least dust was accumulated, the amount in the air would equal a daily deposit of 9½ pounds to the acre. In another section as much as 50 pounds per acre would be the daily deposit.

It was found that the air in paved streets was, on the whole, somewhat dustier than that of unpaved streets, but the bad unpaved street was worse than the worst of the paved streets, so far as the amount of dust in the air was considered, by 25 per cent.

The effect of street car traffic was also considered by these investigators.

It was estimated that streets with car lines have one-third more dust than streets without them, and the best of such streets are generally worse than the worst of the free streets. The extra amount of dust in the air of streets having street car lines consisted largely of fine particles of iron; the amount of sandlike dust, or silica, being about the same in both types of streets.

Extinct Billy Goat.

Strange is the march of time. The billy and nanny goat were once a dominating feature in every civilized American community. Zim writes in Cartoons Magazine. A snapshot could not have been taken without a goat somewhere in the picture, but the goat was not deemed a fit insect to hobnob in swell society. Its product might be admitted across the threshold of the rich, but not its savory self. The highest standard the goat has ever attained is the mascotship of a volunteer fire company, or a similar office in the United States navy, which was practically the lowest rank of any living thing aboard. In his palmy days